

## A WOMAN'S LOVE DREAM.

We all have waking visions—I have mine,  
 And being young and fanciful, and counted fair,  
 I sometimes dream of love.  
 And sitting all alone, and musing still,  
 While yet the firelight flickers dim,  
 I ask myself if I should learn to love,  
 If my still heart could wake to life.  
 How would I love, and how would I be loved,  
 For I am weary of idolatry!  
 My soul is faint within me while I think  
 Of all the fierce, strong passion  
 I have seen and known, resistless in its might.  
 As some rock-cleaving stream.  
 I would be loved in calmness—  
 Trusted, and not feared.  
 He whom I loved should be my king,  
 And not my slave.  
 I do not ask that he be proud and cold,  
 But calm, and grave, and very strong—  
 A king, like Saul, among the sons of men,  
 And Kinglier o'er himself.  
 He must not tremble at my slightest frown  
 Nor shudder if another meets my eye;  
 Nor must he, like a vassal, crave my smile—  
 Glad in the dust before my feet to lie—  
 For I am weary of servility.  
 I would not rule, nor would I yet be ruled;  
 I scorn the tyrant as I scorn his slave.  
 There is a love of sweet equality,  
 The love God gave and I smiled upon,  
 For it was very good.  
 He whom I love must be my king,  
 But I must be his queen;  
 And he should yield me, as my tribute due,  
 The reverence I had earned,  
 Not only by my womanhood, but by all gentleness,  
 Long suffering, the patient sweetness  
 Only love can teach;  
 For looking on me, he should feel and know  
 That peace and rest which follow after toil;  
 In me his heart should find such safety trust,  
 That he should "have no need of spoil."  
 I do not ask for him the world's applause,  
 The blaze of heraldry, the pomp of fame;  
 His deeds the annals of a nation's pride;  
 His name upon the lips of men;  
 But I must feel his power,  
 Must know he could be what earth's heroes are—  
 I could not love him were he not thus great.  
 His hand must be both safe and strong;  
 A hand to shield, to trust, to lay my own within,  
 To stake my life upon;  
 A hand that might have fought with Hercules,  
 Yet would not harm the worm in his path.  
 For tho' the heart of woman loveth oft  
 A thing she doth unwillingly despise,  
 It is a pitiful, imperfect love that hath not  
 For its corner-stone the rock of Faith.  
 His heart must be most tender and most true—  
 A heart that loves, and pities, and befriends  
 Earth's suffering children, whether high,  
 Or yet among the lowly and the poor,  
 And he must love me perfectly.  
 If from the first fruits of my heart's fair wealth  
 I bring an offering for a love-crown made,  
 He must not mock me with a paltry love  
 Nor stoop to cheat my soul.  
 If I should ever meet this man,  
 This king I only dream, I never see,  
 Then could I sit most meekly at his feet—  
 A very child before his goodness and his power;  
 And while he stooped to kiss my shining hair,  
 Or smooth its clusters from their clinging rest,  
 A sweet unspoken language in its touch  
 Would lift my dark eyes to the dark of his;  
 And, as in fair Judea, when the world was young,  
 Sarah with reverence said to Abraham,  
 My lips shall call him "lord!"

## BABU NANA'S VENGEANCE.

Precision as to dates is not called for where legends are concerned. It is sufficient to say that in the days when Lalla Rookh encamped beneath the peepul and orange groves of Hussain Abdaul, Babu Nana was still occupying his comfortable cell on the hill-top hard by. As a Hindoo, depend upon it the holy man looked down with much contempt at that large gathering of Mahometan nobles. Their magnificence and proud joyous bearing must have been a severe trial to him. As the evening breezes wafted upwards to his eyrie home the tinkling of lutes, and of the dancing girls' armlets, the savoury smell of feasting, and the smoke of a thousand watch-fires, we can fancy how the worthy fellow was wrathful, perhaps even a little discontented; but always in a dignified way, as befitted so pious a man.

His white temple is still to be seen on the mountain-top, but it is empty. Babu Nana, after having lived there for several centuries, a happy man and universally respected, is as much a thing of the past as many other saints whose lives have been written to show what wonders holy men were once capable of working without the slightest effort.

Seated beneath the pleasant valleys' thick foliage, near a tank where shoals of great fat highly-venerated carp disported themselves joyously, where the sunshine was farther tempered by a quaint old temple's richly-wrought walls and arches, I heard the local legend of which Babu Nana is the hero. It was a half-naked fakir, gaunt and ghastly-looking, his long hair bound in plaits turban-wise across his forehead, who for my mind's improvement told the old-world tale.

It seems that there was a time when to have lived at Hussain Abdaul without believing in its pet saint Babu Nana, would have been not only highly dangerous, but impossible. His fame was so wide-spread, that even travellers from distant parts of the country would come and place their offerings at his feet. Every one in those days cast reverential glances up-turned to where his white dome glittered in the sunlight. At night a small twinkling light he always kept burning aroused the gratitude of weary, footsore travellers, and told them the night-halting place was nigh, with its cool shade of trees and its rippling water. Remember we are in sun-stricken lands, where shade and water have more important significance than in our own colder regions.

There was not a dissenter in the valley. Babu Nana reigned omnipotent, and his doctrine was undisputed. Not one of his parishioners, under the combined influence of love and fear, ever failed, at least once a week, to climb up the steep

narrow pathway that led among rocks and briars to his comfortable dwelling. They would tell him the gossip of the valley, say their prayers to him, take a smoke of his hookah, see if he wanted anything, and come back to exult over the high degree of familiar friendship entertained towards them by the valley's patron saint. It was an enviable existence, as my friend the fakir allowed, with a sigh of mournful envy. The Babu's prophecies had often been unfulfilled, but when this was the case he was never wanting for a good reason to account for their failure. No one in the village could read or write, there were plenty of pretty girls who had no secret from the worthy seer and saint, and his duties were light. These chiefly consisted in looking down smilingly on the fields, that their fruits might be rich in harvest time, and accepting fragments from their produce for so doing. He would curse also occasionally; but as he charged rather heavy for this item, it was seldom called for; in short, nowhere could have been found a happier, more contented population, or a more accommodating and in every way respectable saint. Those halcyon days should have lasted for ever; but, alas, no man, though a good and a saintly one, can always count upon Fate! Fortune's wheel will persist in turning for every one, even for worthy people who could like, and are entitled by their virtues, to be allowed to put on the break when they find their lot cast in pleasant places and want to stop where they are. It is distressing to relate, but a serpent crawled at last into Babu Nana's paradise.

One fine morning of early spring this patriarch of the hill-top was enjoying his first after-breakfast hookah, and the sensation of what a pleasant world it is when the sun is shining joyously, and we have everything our own way. As the gray smoke circled in small spiral curves round his head, mingling with the long tresses of his blue-stained beard, thus the aged man soliloquised amidst the frequent eruptions of repletion, which, according to the etiquette of that land show the well-fed, well-bred man.

"Great is the supreme Buddha, may his name be blessed! Though but his slave, am I not also great in virtue and in wisdom? Here the good man chuckled. "I never defrauded, because in my whole life I have never known want. I like incense and fragrant flowers, sandal, betel leaves, flesh of aquatic and other animals, white boiled rice, and yellow-cow-butter, and all that can be enjoyed by mortal man; and I get them supplied—I may say liberally supplied—free of cost. May my faculties be preserved, and may I commit no errors!"

"I am not one of those devils who sit on rocks, eating men's flesh. I am a merciful lord to the vassals who sit beneath the shadow of my footstool. Ha, wending up the mountain, I see coming that aged mother of demons, Nourdee of the foul tongue, followed by some of her lying-lipped gossips. They ascend too quickly to be laden with the bags of paddy, which have been for some time due. I must receive them coldly if they come empty-handed, and put their shrivelled faces to shame."

While that holy man was sitting thus, calmly sunning himself, wrapt in genial reveries, and conscious of nothing but pleasant self-important thoughts, dire events were taking place in the valley below. No wonder the aged Nourdee and her gossips hastened up the hill-side with a degree of agility of which their old limbs would scarce have been supposed capable. A prophet of a new faith had appeared in the village and for the first time ran through Hussain Abdaul horrid whispers, stirring up its inhabitants to revolt against their hitherto universally-recognised conscience-keeper and his doctrines.

Of course Babu Nana possessed the usual good-natured friends—even saints are not free from that infirmity—and equally of course they had thought it only kind and neighbourly just to step up and be the first to tell him anything disagreeable and adverse to his interest that might be going on; arriving too, as good-natured friends usually succeed in doing, just at the time a man is the least prepared to bear up against evil tidings. It is all very well for modern prelates, who only live their seventy or eighty years, to preach toleration, and to set a good example to their flocks by conscientiously carrying out the practice of it; to smile on dissent and pray for good to befall every one, to forgive as they hope to be forgiven. Some allowances, however, must be made for the indignation of a holy man, who, after having for hundreds of years enjoyed full control over several hundred consciences, after having lived comfortably, supported by the toils and the tithes of his obedient and all-believing parishioners, has to hear that a new prophet has sprung up, whose very first prophecies are concerning the approaching dissolution of a respectable old faith which has been found to work well both for its preceptors and followers for so many long years.

"He only came last night," began Nourdee breathless, "and yet he has managed to convert the farrier and the tussaldar's head-groom. The man must be possessed of the evil glance."

"He has a purse and a conch hung on his shoulders, and pleases the people by distributing handfuls of parched grain. May he who sold it to him be accursed!" gasped another.

"Tears fell in streams all over my limbs when I saw him look menacingly in this direction, yelped a third; availing of the old priest's abstraction to finish off his hookah for him.

It was bad enough that a rival was near his hill; but to be told that the intruder was tolerated—not stoned, nor flayed, nor roasted alive—was too much. Yet it was a terrible fact. But to be told it just after breakfast on a fine morn-

ing in May, was very hard, as every one must allow. Yes, Govind, the great founder of the Sikh religion, was on his travels, taking his new heresy with him; and, as the old ladies had truly said, he was at that moment resting from his journey at the village of Hussain Abdaul. Several shrivelled old fingers directed Babu Nana's troubled gaze to a group of figures collected beneath some trees in the plain below, where the man of a new-fangled notions was delivering an address to half the old women of the hamlet. New prophets would stand a bad chance if it were not for old women. Shades of Buddha and Vishnu, could it be? And all this to be going on at the very foot of his hill, his own particular hill? It was a fine opportunity for good-natured friends to exult; and no doubt those of the Babu made the best of it, paying off their spiritual master for a lot of old scores in the way of taxes and penances that he had imposed for their souls' good. No doubt the good priest, on hearing these dire tidings, thought ruefully about proverbs relating to "new brooms;" but he was a man of energy; so, after a few moments devoted to undivided astonishment, a few to deep disgust, a few to pious cursing, and a few more to reflection, he proceeded to action.

"Art thou come, blockhead, to fight with thy master, who was born long before thy vile existence was ever contemplated? By the lotus-throned goddess of riches, but thou shalt rue the day! If this does not settle thee for ever, I will take thee by thy legs and dash thy head to pieces, and throw thine eyes to the vultures, that every one may see what thou art and what I am." Having thus said he detached with the greatest ease an enormous block of granite from the hill-top—huge enough, as the fakir told me, to have made the dome of a favourite queen's tomb. After having taken a deliberate aim at Govind's yellow turban, just discernible above some myrtle-bushes, and his crowd of admirers, the aged seer hurled his missile with the skill of an athlete and the force of a catapult, to crush the opposition priest, his listeners, and heresy all together. "And serve them right too!" said his comforters in chorus, as they sat enjoying themselves round the hermit hookah.

Pity a plan so admirably conceived and well acted upon should not have met with the success it deserved! Set a saint to catch a saint! Govind, as he saw the huge rock come rumbling and tumbling down the hill's side, in the most graceful manner, without leaving unfinished a beautiful metaphor in his address, in the midst of which it found him, merely raised his hand. Not only was he able by such simple means to stop, before it could hurt any one, the stone which his enemy had hurled, but he fixed it for ever to the spot where it was meant to crush him. Not content with this, but as a final grand effect, he caused (with what object his admirers do not reveal) a spring of beautifully clear water, stocked all ready with live carp, to gush from the foot of it. The fish of the present day in the sacred tank claim, it is needless to relate, an undoubted descent from those heaven-born ancestors. We can imagine the rest: general conversion, innumerable offerings, choruses of admiration, and the laying of the first stone of a temple, whose architectural splendour should commemorate the marvels which had taken place there.

There can be no doubt as to the truth of all this, as the original block of stone is still to be seen, with the marks of a hand imprinted upon it. From its base still springs the pure water which the prophet summoned from the before dry flank of the rock. No one seems to know or care much what became of Babu Nana.

The spot is still very lovely. Nourmahal's tomb, with its two tall cypress-trees, like gigantic sentinels, that Lalla Rookh looked upon, still moulders slowly and becomingly. Weird-looking fakirs squat lazily about the tank, feeding the fish while smoking the pipe of peace. Priests of Govind's doctrine, as they lazily flap the flies from their sacred volume, draw out in nasal tones long sentences of his doctrine. But, alas, his turn to be ousted has now arrived. The feringhee eat beef beneath the shady groves, where once the mildest punishment for bullock slaughter was death.

The shade of Babu Nana is avenged!

## THE CARE OF THE EYES.

The following general rules laid down by Dr. Lincoln, he insists should always be observed by persons when writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc. We should take care, he says, that the room in which either of these pursuits is engaged in is comfortably cool, that the feet are warm, and that there is nothing tight about the neck. The reason for this injunction is a simple one: to prevent an excessive tendency of blood to the head and the congestion of the delicate ducts of the eye, which is consequent thereupon. These precautions being observed, he goes on to say further: Take care that there is plenty of light but not so much as to dazzle the eyes; that the sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon; that the light does not come from the front, but from over the left shoulder if possible; that the head be not bent over the work; and that, in reading, the page be held nearly perpendicular to the line of sight.

Besides these general rules, each of which is based upon either a law of optics or a physiological necessity, Dr. Lincoln gives the following further directions, suited to particular cases. When the eyes have any defect they must not be overtasked; and fine work, such as needlework, or drawing, or even reading of fine print should be limited to short spells, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning. Studying or

writing before breakfast, by artificial light is highly injurious; as is also, and for obvious reasons, the habit of lying down when reading. In all forms of labor requiring the exercise of vision on minute objects it is indispensable that the worker should rise from his task now and then, take a few deep inspirations with closed mouth, throw the arms backward and forward, and, if possible, step to a window into the open air, only for a moment.

In addition to the above, the following practical hints, derived from other sources, may not be inopportune: If the sight of the eye is failing, it is of the utmost importance that no tricks should be played upon it. Holding the light between the eyes and the object looked at, is highly injurious. Holding the page one reads at an abnormal distance from the eye, is equally bad. When either of these shifts are resorted to, it is because the eye can no longer get along unaided; it needs help, and this, to be salutary, should be promptly afforded, should be exactly adapted to the want, and should be of the best quality. There is no wisdom in putting off the use of spectacles when the eye gives warning that it needs assistance. It will not recover its acute vision by being subjected to undue straining; but, on the contrary, its powers will be the more rapidly impaired. Neither is there either wisdom or economy in using spectacles of inferior quality or of unsuitable strength.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FARJEON'S new play is founded upon his novel, "London's Heart."

THE principal character in Dumas "L'Etrangère" is to be played by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt.

SIGNOR PAPINI, the great Italian violinist, is at present staying in Paris, and intends to perform in public there.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is said to be engaged in writing a book, giving her personal reminiscences of life upon the stage.

IN Florence, at the Pagliano, twenty-five successive representations of Meyerbeer's "Ugonotti" have not sufficed, and the run continues.

Mme. Anna La Grange (the princess Stanckowitch), has just given her daughter's hand to François Thome, the Creole pianist.

GOUNOD is composing an historical opera for the opening of the new opera house in London. The title of the work will be "Lady Jane Grey."

THIRTY-SEVEN volumes of autographic songs by Adolphe Adam have been given to the Paris Conservatoire Library, by the widow of the composer.

AN unfinished pianoforte concerto by Beethoven has been found by Mr. Nottebohm. Thirty sheets of it are in existence, but are in the possession of so many different persons that it will take time to collect them.

EMILE AUGIER is at last to break silence. He has sent in, for the Paris Vaudeville, a four-act comedy, which has already been read to the actors and actresses who are to play in it. It is spoken of there, by them, very favorably.

A NEW cantata, entitled "John Gilpin," has been successfully brought out in Birmingham. This cantata de center is by a Mr. Anderson, who gives proof, we are told, of adaptation to the subject, originality, melody, and excellent construction.

A movement is on foot in Pittsburgh to erect a monument in memory of Stephen C. Foster, the composer of "Old Folks at Home," "Old Dog Tray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and other popular airs.

WAGNER'S greatest success has been achieved in Vienna, where his "Tannhauser," was given with such realistic effects that the baritone was kicked half across the stage by one of the fiery, untamed steeds in the scene in which the horses and hounds gallop across the stage.

Mlle. AIMÉE is as sparkling in adornment as in style in Paris. She wears a close-fitting collar of diamonds set with emeralds, her fan is fastened to her side by a diamond clasp, there are diamond pins in her hair, and from her dainty ears hang rings of diamonds and pearl-shaped emeralds.

Mr. James W. Morrissey, who has been associated in many successful Sunday-evening concerts in New York, has formed a musical troupe out of the members of the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company, of which he is treasurer, and the first entertainment has been given in Galveston. Mr. Owen Fawcett comes out as a buffooner, Mr. George De Vere as basso, Miss May Nunez as soprano, and Miss Sara Jewett as prima donna assoluta.

A striking incident disturbed the ordinary quietude of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. At the conclusion of the fourth act of "Pique," when the child of Mabel Kenfrew is again lost, a lady in the audience fell into a fit of violent hysteria, and the efforts of the gentleman in attendance upon her proving unavailing to restrain her she was carried shrieking to the ladies' parlor and a doctor summoned. Before the play ended she was sufficiently recovered to be sent home in a carriage; but even then she could not walk down stairs without assistance. No clue was given to the sad story indicated by the lady's emotion.

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